RODONDO;

OR, THE

STATE JUGGLERS.

CANTO II.

[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

RODONDO;

OR, THE

STATE JUGGLERS.

CANTO II.

Stat magni nominis umbra. LUCAN.

Uno minor eſt Jove: Dives,
Liber, Honoratus, *Pulcher*; REX DENIQUE REGUM,
Precipue ſanus, *niſi cum* Pituita *moleſta eſt.*
HORAT.

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RODONDO;

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STATE JUGGLERS.

CANTO II.

RESIGNATION.

HAIL, *Reſignation*, peerleſs Dame!
Thou ſhorteſt, ſureſt Road to Fame!
Tho' not the ruſſet-mantled Maid *
That muſes in the woodland Shade,

* An *intelligent* Reader will be apt to gueſs, that we mean here the Virtue called *Reſignation*, a very paſſive Sort of Perſonage.

With ſober Eye and Brow unbent;
A younger Siſter to *Content*;
Who like a fading Meteor hung
Upon the fault'ring Lips of *Young*:
But *coy* and *courtly Reſignation*,
Who by *retiring* mends her Station!
She, Dread of Weakneſs, Scorn of Senſe,
Half *Treaſon*, half Impertinence,
Draws her Deſcent from nobler Race;
For what enobles all Men? *Place*.
And ſure what dignifies the Taker,
Muſt do much more to the Forſaker---
Bards ſing, that tir'd with *civil* Wars,
Faction devolv'd on her his Cares;
Of all his *Loves* the deareſt Pledge,
Fools call her Mother *Privilege*;

But

But Genealogiſts agree
That *Licence* was the happy ſhe.
With lovely *Liberty* old *Faction*
Wou'd very fain have been in Action,
And practis'd all his Arts to woe her;
Not from Deſire, but to undo her.
With ev'ry Grace and Virtue deck'd,
Fair *Liberty* had one Defect;
Too honeſt to be wiſe, her Heart---
Was not enough aware of Art;
She took all thoſe for real Friends
That follow'd her for private Ends.
On this, and ſome ſmall *Itch* for Flatt'ry,
The hoary Letcher rais'd his Battery;
And preſs'd the Siege with ſuch Addreſs,
As wanted little of Succeſs;

Yet fail'd at length, impolitic-ly,
By throwing off the Maſk too quickly;
On which the Traytor had recourſe
To the laſt Plea of Lovers, Force.
But in the very way which you know
Jove baulk'd *Ixion*'s ſport with *Juno*,
He fairly got the *quid pro quo*,
In Manner as we mean to ſhew.
There was a *Drury-hundred* Walker,
A Rioter and common Talker,
Immers'd in every Kind of Knavery;
Who call'd all Rule and Order Slavery:
Would damn the Watch, and kick their A--,
Set fire to Houſes, and pick Purſes.
If Hunger pinch'd wou'd write a Libel
Againſt her *Sovereign*; or *Bible*;

With

With her it was a darling Theme,
To utter Scandal;---or blaſpheme;
And like *Drawcanſir*, rough and curſt,
All this ſhe did, becauſe ſhe *durſt*.
This *Hag*, of *Liberty* the Ape,
Uſurp'd her Dreſs, her Air, her Shape,
Her Name; but none of her Conditions:
Yet Coffee-drinking Politicians
Diſclaim'd the true, believing ſhe
Alone was genuine *Liberty*.
Old *Faction* had when poor eſpous'd her;
But growing great, in *Bridewell* hous'd her,
(He never miſſes thus to treat
Whoever helps to make him great.)
There whipp'd and pickled ſhe remain'd,
While he tyrannically reign'd:

But

But when from Power the Tyrant fell,
She made Elopement from her Cell,
And by Misfortune nothing taught,
His Company again ſhe ſought.
In Courſe of which ſhe ſoon divin'd,
What he 'gainſt *Liberty* deſign'd,
And archly put herſelf on Spouſe,
For her he plotted to abuſe:
And thus in *lawful* Recreation,
Licence engender'd *Reſignation*,
Who ſoon gave Proof of riſing Merit;
Of Father's *Parts*, and Mother's *Spirit*;
Her Nurſe, an Idol of the *Mob*,
Improv'd her Talents for a *Jobb*:
With *Corporation Knowledge* fraught her;
To *Canvaſs*, *Bribe*, and *Garble* taught her;

To

To *Poll*, and *Trim*, and *Fawn*, and *Bully*;
And try to make the K--- *a Cully*.
This ſhe cou'd do, while but a Chitt:
But growing up to Years and Wit,
She learnt the Art unknown before,
Of waſhing *white* the Black-a-moor!---
What *Stateſman* was it, can you tell,
Who liv'd ſo *ill*, yet ate ſo *well*;
Whoſe *Speeches*, *Politics*, and *Feaſts*,
Became the Nation's ſtanding Jeſts;
Who never *did*, tho' always *doing*:
Who *went*; but thought not whither *going*;
Who ſtill purſu'd---he knew not *what*:
Whoſe Parts juſt furniſh'd *Levee* Chat?
Who ſpent his Money---and the *Nation's*,
In making *Members*, and---*Collations*?

Who

Who wou'd forſake a Lord o'the Land,
To take his *Butcher* by the Hand;
And, practis'd in the Arts of *Pleaſing*,
Diſcharg'd his Tradeſmen's Bills by *ſqueez-*
ing?
To whom; as OWN'D by the *North Bri-*
ton *,
Our M----chs owe the T---- they ſit on?
A Truth, which *Europe* muſt confeſs;
Since 'tis impoſſible that *leſs*
Cou'd ever tempt a *K---g* to ſuffer
This *hubble-bubble Candle-ſnuffer*

* The Admirers of this intrepid Aſpirer to the Pillory, will not fail to recollect an Aſſertion, which cloſes one of his lateſt Effuſions; but which we do not think it very ſafe to repeat in Proſe, not being emulous of *that* Honour.

On

On *him* ſhe had a Mind to ſhow,
How far *abſterſive* Art wou'd go;
And thus the noble *D--ke* accoſted,
With Years and *dirty Work* exhauſted.
" My Lord, I ſhou'd be moſt ungrateful,
" (A Crime to noble Natures hateful,)
" If, when Conjunctures run ſo nice,
" I fail'd to offer my Advice:
" You know my *Talent*, and, in ſhort,
" Have often been the *better* for't.
" My Lord, you *drivel*, tho' in Truth
" You have but *drivel'd* from your Youth:
" Yet *that* is not the worſt; your *Fame*
" Is blaſted with an uglier Name.
" They ſay--- (your L---d---p muſt excuſe
" The Terms I am oblig'd to uſe)

" They ſay your G---ce is like a *Mule*,
" AMBIGENOUS * of Knave and Fool:
" In whom the Natures ſo are blended,
" That one by t'other's ne'er tranſcended.
" Yet from theſe perfect Counterpoizes,
" This Benefit to you ariſes;
" That when we *fret* at *knaviſh Half*,
" The *other* turns it to a---*Laugh*;
" And no Man *heartily* deteſts
" The Argument of all Men's *Jeſts*:
" Which, I preſume, may be the Cauſe
" Of your *eſcaping* penal Laws.
" This, while it laſts, is mighty clever;
" But Folly cannot pleaſe for ever.

* The Author offers Compliments to the Criticks, and makes them a Preſent of this Word, with full Power to uſe it, or abuſe it at their Pleaſure.

" When

" When you are laid in Grave, and rotten,
" Your *merry Parts* will be forgotten,
" And *thoſe* which ſome the *wiſer* think,
" To all Poſterity muſt *ſtink*.
" Now, wou'd you this Diſgrace eſchew?—
" You wou'd.---Why then I'll tell you
" *how*.---
" *Reſign* your Places. What, you ſtart!---
" Nay, keep 'em ſtill.--With all *my* Heart.
' Do, *croak* and *hobble*, *cringe* and *flatter*,
" A Year or two is no great Matter;
" And therefore it ſhou'd be employ'd,
" To get the Mob upon your Side.
" You've liv'd enough for *Towns* and
" *Counties*,
" They all have taſted of your *Bounties*.—

" Now, having but an Hour to ſpare,
" Beſtow it on your *Character*.
" I have an excellent *Coſmetic*,
" The *Sov'reign white Waſh-ball politic*;
" Of which, a ſingle Application
" Will ſcour the *fouleſt Reputation*.
" *Cold Cream, Pig-water, Gloves of Chick*,
" For Maid whoſe Skin is coarſe and thick,
" Are poor to Suds of *Oppoſition*,
" At Clear-ſtarching a Politician.
" This *Lather* (for it is no Paint)
" Can turn a Devil to a Saint.
" If you its *Efficacy* doubt,
" You need but caſt your Eyes *about*.
" Obſerve its Virtue on the *Brothers*,
" *T--ple* and *P--tt*; and many others,

" Whoſe

" Whoſe Names for *Good* were never
" known,
" But now the Idols of the Town
" And Country too. Then for the *Coſt*;
" 'Tis but a Trifle. *Quit your Poſt.*
" *Reſign.* I think 'tis very plain
" You ne'er will be employ'd again;
" For that wou'd ſpoil the whole Affair,
" And bring us juſt to where we were."
She ſpoke, *he* yielded to Conviction,
And found the Truth of her Prediction.
But what is moſt to be *admir'd*,
Without a *Penſion* he *retir'd!*
Which ſome attribute to a *Qualm*,
Ariſing from a Speck i'the *Palm.*

That

That ever yawning Gulph of *Caſh*,
Which baffled *Reſignation*'s Waſh.
Tho' *ſlyer Politicians* hint,
He had another *Motive* in't.
To throw a *Slur* by *Implication*
Upon *Rodondo*'s *Reputation* *.
But leaving *that*, a Point to ſettle,
By Heads than ours of weightier Metal;
The Muſe returns with ſpeed Aërial,
To our *Buck-waſher* Miniſterial.
Soon as the Tidings flew Abroad
How he, *once* bloated like a Toad,

* The Contraſt of theſe great Perſonages is in nothing more remarkable than in their Style of retiring; they ſeem both to have made their Exit in a State of Repentance. The one repented he had *taken* too much, and the other that he had *taken* too little; each made the beſt Atonement in his Power.

So *dapper* and ſo *fair* was grown,
And ſlender as a *L-ttl--n*;
The Pack of Courtiers were in Motion,
And ran in Crouds to buy the *Lotion*;
The verieſt *Whifflers* now grew *touchy*;
From *Park*, from *Bedchamber*, and *Duchy*
They flew; as *Aſh--nh--m* and *D-pl-n*,
And *R-k-gh-m*, Names hard to Couple in
Metre; cou'd Nature e'er propoſe
Such Sounds for any thing but Proſe?
But Bards are bound to ſhun *Non nomer*,
By *Law* and Precedent from *Homer*;
And therefore we our *Skill* muſt try,
On their Inflexibility:
Tho' when the Muſe a *Name* beſtows,
She pays ſuch People all ſhe owes.

Yet

Yet *one* remains; almoſt as fit
A Theme for Poetry as *P--tt!*
A *Kite* it is of Region higher---
The mighty D--ke of *D----re!*---
O were my Muſe a Muſe of *Sattin!*
My Quill, a *Peacock's*, Language *Latin!*
My *Pegaſus*, the *Hippogriffon*,
Which brave *Aſtolphus* ſat ſo ſtiff on!
My Brain, a *Limbec* to diſtill,
Of high *Parnaſſus* ev'ry Rill!
My Voice, the Trump of *Fame*, to blow
Both from *above*, and from *below*;---
Then ſhould I mount! then ſhould I climb
The very Weather-cock of Rhime!
And ſing with *Sacrogorgon's Fire*,
The mighty Duke of D-----re!

But

But ſince *theſe* pretty Things I lack,
I muſt e'en keep the beaten *Track*,
And tell my Tale without Recourſe
To *Latin*, *Limbec*, *Trump*, or *Horſe*.
The *ſimple D--ke* laid down his *Rod*.
The *ſimple D--ke* became a *God!*---
And *wiſely* thought, his *dread Command*
Wou'd make it bud like *Aaron*'s Wand:
Or that, when thrown upon the *Floor*,
'Twou'd grow a *Serpent* to devour!
'Tis ſtill a *Stick* of harmleſs *Wood*,
And very properly beſtow'd.—
Thus in a Game at Cards, we ſee
The *Knaves* ſtand up for *Liberty*.
Attempt to *lead* the venal *Pack*,
And fling the *M----ch* on his Back:

But *K--gs* for Knaves are ſtill too hard.
The *K--g* muſt be the *leading Card.*

We left *Rodondo* crown'd with Laurels,
Won by your *B--es* and *Alb---rles*;
Yet deep in deſp'rate Dudgeon fretting;
My Lady *Ch--h--m* near him, Knitting.
His *Head, Feet, Bum,* reclin'd on Down;
He thus broke Silence with a Frown.
" Shall *I, Great Britain*'s great *Apoſtle,*
" Submit to *B--e* without a Buſtle?---
" Shall *I,* like Cur, be fed with Sops?
" Shall paultry *Penſion* ſhut my *Chops*;
" And ſhan't *I* dart my Rhet'ric at him,
" Becauſe my *Dame* is *Lady Ch--h--m?*

" Shall

" Shall *I* both *Place* and *Power* forego?---

" Confound me, *Madam*, if I do.---

" Curſe on the Vanity of Women!---

" 'Tis that *alone* makes *Slaves* of *Freemen!*

" That *ſingle* Vice betray'd old *Eve*,

" If we the Hiſtory believe;

" And I cou'd almoſt lay a Bett,

" Her *Apple* was a *Coronet**---

" I wiſh you had your *Bawble*, where

" *Coriſca* had the *Porringer*"---

" *The Ladle, I ſuppoſe, you mean?*"

" No Matter, ſo it were but *in*.

" It might for ever *there* remain,

" E'er I ſhou'd *wiſh* it out again.

* The Conjectures of the Learned as to the particular Species of this unlucky Fruit have been ſo various, that I ſee no Reaſon why our Hero may not be indulged in *his*. *Quis enim vetitur in re tam antiqua hariolari?*

" *He* who is *guided* by his Spouſe,
" Muſt ſhut his Mouth in ev'ry *Houſe*;
" I was before this damn'd Diſaſter,
" At leaſt in *that* of *C----s Maſter:*
" But now, forſooth, I muſt be *dumb*,
" As well in *Senate*, as at Home.
" And mutely mourn the loſs of my
" *Dumbfoundificability*."---

" Hold (ſays my *Lady*) not ſo hot---
" Reſerve thoſe hard Names for the SCOT:
" But treat your Wife with more Civility,
" And none of your *Confoundrability* *.
" Go *ſwagger* ſomewhere elſe, for here
" You muſt not think to *domineer*.

* I hope the candid and indulgent Reader will excuſe a Lady's Miſapprehenſion of this Word.

" What!

" What! Shall your Words of Half an Ell,
" Which *rumble* like a Witch's Spell,
" However in the *Houſe* they take,
" E'er make my *Lady Ch--h--m* quake?--
" Lord! What are all their Heads made of,
" To mind *your rumbumbellow* Stuff?—
" With me, it paſſes, juſt like Wind,
" Which might have iſſu'd from *behind.*
" You are, *my deareſt*, one of thoſe
" Who take their *Pepper* in the *Noſe*,
" Hence *Eructations*, *Flatulencies*,
" And all the peeviſh, wayward Fancies,
" Which are in ſickly Stomachs bred,
" And very apt to hurt the *Head.*
" From ſuch no Medicine relieves,
" So quickly as *Carminatives.*

" Eat

" Eat *Carroways* and *Cardamum*,
" To *paſs* your *Humours* by the *Bum*.
" And ſo may all your *Humours paſs*.
" Now, give me Leave to ſtate the Caſe.---
" You rail at Mother *Eve* and me,
" And prate of Womens Vanity:
" But was it Vanity of mine
" That forc'd your Worſhip to *reſign*?---
" No, no, my Dear, 'twas your own *Pride*,
" Becauſe *alone* you cou'd not *guide*,
" That made you, like a ſilly *Novice*,
" Throw up a profitable *Office*.---
" But when the *greater Game* is *gone*,
" Who overlooks the *After-one*?
" When you went *out* 'twas ſurely beſt
" To think of feathering the *Neſt*.

" I know

" I know your *Eloquence* is *great*;
" But can we dine on a *Debate?*
" Or have you ever learnt the Skill,
" With *Words* to pay the Butcher's Bill?--
" Will any of your *wiſe Preſages*
" Pay Childrens Board, or Servants Wa-
" ges?—
" You know I ſcorn my Heart to fix
" On lolling in a Coach and Six.
" *Four* went at once; you *advertis'd* them,
" Did I complain? No, I deſpis'd them.—
" And *yet* a ſingle *Pair* looks odd,
" Conſid'ring what the *K—g* beſtow'd.
" For you the *Penſion* ſtill forget,
" In railing at the *Coronet*.

" I am

" I am a *P---ſs*, very true;
" But who enjoys the *Penſion?* You—
" Be wiſe, and peaceably enjoy it,
" Nor try again to breed a Riot.
" Reflect that you are growing old,
" Gouty, and ſubject to catch Cold;
" Your Juggling alſo is ſuſpected,
" And may be *publickly* detected:
" For who wou'd wiſh a merrier Sight,
" Than of a *Flannel-bolſter'd* Wight,
" On *ſixteen* Porters Shoulders borne,
" While round him *Cinder-Wenches* mourn?
" He crying, *'Tis too much, my Friends,*
" *For me! How ſhall I make Amends?*---
" Of *that*, indeed, his *Friends* take Care;
" *Each has two Guineas for his Fare.*

" The

" The *Devil* give them Good, I ſay,
" Whoſe Money is beſtow'd *that* Way.
" No Powder in his Wig; his Face
" Screw'd to a Tragedy Grimace;
" And while he *O my Country!* cries,
" Claps me an Onion to his Eyes:
" Or if he genuinely *grieves*,
" It is becauſe his Country thrives
" In other Hands, and put on Diet,
" To heal the Wounds of *War* and Riot.
" The very *Door-Keepers* it touches,
" To ſee him tottering on *Crutches*.
" In *them* a double Virtue lies;
" They raiſe *Compaſſion*,---and a *Noiſe*.
" He takes his Seat with ſuch *Fracas*,
" That every Heart is ſtruck with Awe:

" As greateſt *Patriot*, paſſing Doubt,
" Is he who makes the greateſt *Rout*.
" The Groundlings cry, *Alas! poor Man!*
" *How ill he is! How pale! How wan!*
" *Yet ſuch his Love of* US *and* STRIFE,
" *He'd rather run the Riſque of Life,*
" *Than leave the* BLEEDING LAND *a Prey*
" *To* B---TE, PEACE, *and* OECONOMY!
" He *ſighs* and *groans* while others ſpeak,
" As if his very *Heart* wou'd break;
" At length he tries to riſe; a *Hum*
" Of Approbation fills the Room.
" He bows, and tries again; but, no,
" He finds that *ſtanding* will not do;
" And therefore to compleat the Farce,
" The *H---e* cries, *hear him on his A---!*--

" He

" He bows again, and then commences,
" To broach his *ill-drawn* Inferences;
" Talks incoherently of Peace,
" And *Inadmiſſibilities.*
" Makes uſe of none but *Polyſyllables,*
" Which he in ſpeaking deems Infallibles;
" For, as the *longeſt* Scimitar,
" Still gets the Victory in War;
" In *Politics* the ſame is ſeen,
" The *longeſt Words* are ſure to win.
" They pick for deſp'rate Enterprize,
" Both *Men* and *Terms* of portly Size;
" And ſure his Proweſs moſt appears
" In both, who has moſt *Grenadiers.*
" What tho' in forming they are found,
" To take up too much Time and Ground;

" Yet as *our* great Commander makes
" Advantage of his own Miſtakes;
" So ſkilful *Orator* may draw
" Important Service from a Flaw.
" He may break off, by *Grief o'ercome*,
" And grow *pathetically* dumb!
" As if he thus the Houſe addreſs'd,
" *Alas! I cannot ſpeak the reſt!*---
" This raiſes Pity, makes a Pauſe,
" And gives an Op'ning for Applauſe:
" He next may *ſwoon* and ſhut his Eyes;
" *A Cordial! elſe the Patriot dies!*---
" The Cordial comes, he takes it *off*.
" *He lives, he lives! I hear him cough!*
" Now he recovers, and with *Meekneſs*
" Apologizes for his Weakneſs.

" *He*

" *He is not us'd to be thus mov'd;*

" *But for his Country! ſo* BELOV'D!

" *His* BLEEDING COUNTRY! *who can bear*

" *To think of ending ſuch a War?*---

" Thus *Pauſe, Swoon, Cordial,* all combine

" To forward *Patriot's* Deſign.

" As for the Dram, even *Garrick* lacks

" A Glaſs of Brandy between Acts;

" And all *Comedians* extoll

" The frequent Uſe of *Alcahol.*

" But wherefore ſhou'd I quote a *Play'r?*

" The mighty *B----d* our L---d *M----*

" Of deareſt Life the deareſt *Chum*

" Is ne'er without a Flaſk of Rum;

" If you ſhou'd ever be in *trim*

" Of Patriot; apply to him;

" Tho'

" Tho' fain I'd hope that you'll grow wiſe,
" And ſtay at Home as I adviſe.
" Nor fret your Guts to Fiddle-ſtrings,
" With leading Mobs and vexing K--gs,
" Meerly to be admir'd by Fellows
" With greazy Aprons in an Alehouſe;
" While all the *wiſeſt* and the *beſt*,
" Make of your *Mummery* a Jeſt."

Thus ſpoke my *Lady* againſt Speeches;
And one wou'd think ſhe wore the Breeches,
Elſe ſhe had never dar'd to prate
So freely of Affairs of State.
But *that* from Sequel we deny,
Becauſe he deign'd her no *Reply*:

But

But ſoon as e'er the *Larum* ſtopp'd,
Got up, and to the Bell-ſtring hopp'd:
Rang Footman up.---" Your Honour
call?"---
" Yes--Send *John* here--and ſaddle *Ball*."
John enters. " *John* get ready, go---
" Fetch me--the Mortgage upon *St-w*."--
" *The Mortgage, Sir? An't pleaſe your*
" *Honour,*
" *I know of none upon the Manor!*"---
" Confound the Raſcal's *Jobbernol!*---
" I mean,---my *Brother*,---*Tididol*.---
" A thick ſkull'd Varlet not to ſee
" My beautiful *Metonymy* *!---

* Some may be puzzled to diſcover how this *catachreſtical Periphraſe* comes to be called a *Metonymy*—we refer them to the Criticks.

" I find

" I find I muſt this Clodpate teach,
" To underſtand my Grace of Speech;
" That all the *clever* Things I ſay,
" On him may not be thrown away.
" *John*, *Sages* think that *Maſters* ſhou'd
" Be by their *Servants* underſtood;
" And truly they are often ſo,
" Among the *Vulgar* and the *Low*,
" Who are in Speech no farther taught,
" Than bluntly to expreſs a Thought:
" But Men of my ſuperior Senſe,
" Don't call ſuch Prattle *Eloquence*.---
" We have Authority divine,
" Not to beſtow our *Pearls* on Swine;
" And this the richeſt *Pearl* of Heaven,
" To Men is very rarely given;

" Since

" Since, ſo far as *my* Knowledge reaches,
" Of *Orators*, *Debates*, and *Speeches*;
" But *three* have e'er enjoy'd it *fully*,
" *Myſelf*, *Demoſthenes*, and *Tully*.
" *John*, that *Demoſthenes* cou'd *ſpeak!*
" So learn'd; he always gabbled *Greek!*--
" And ſo cou'd I, upon Occaſion,
" If talking *Greek* were now the Faſhion.
" Your *Tully all in Latin* ſpoke!---
" But then he wou'd ſo *pun* and *joke!*---
" And yet I doubt theſe *Greeks* and *Romans*
" Wou'd not be *heard* in Houſe of *C--ns*,
" Becauſe where *I* am ſo *applauded*,
" Such *Fellows* muſt be little lauded.
" But to return from this Digreſſion,
" And quit *Profeſſors* for *Profeſſion*.

" 'Tis *Eloquence*, which, with a ſmall caſt
" Of *Logic*, in the Way of Ballaſt,
" Compoſes *Rhetoric*, a Science
" At which *I* bid the *Devil* defiance.
" With *this*, and luſty Pair of *Bellows*,
" I maul your *Miniſterial Fellows* ;
" Can turn the Nation upſide-down,
" And at my *Pleaſure* ſhake the *T--ne*,
" For *this* I'm courted *out* or *in* ;---
" And loſe who liſts I'm ſure to *win*.
" With *this*, I ſhow to *Demonſtration*
" That *Debts* and *Taxes*--*Save* the Nation ;
" That when we ſpend the Money *faſt*,
" It muſt of *courſe* the *longer* laſt ;
" That ſpilling Oceans of our *Blood*,
" Muſt do the *Conſtitution* good !---

" With

" With *this*, I prove *Maraſmus*, Health!
" *War*, *Poverty*, and *Famine*, *Wealth!*--
" Nay, *John*, ne'er *ſtare*, and ſhake your
" Pate.
" I gueſs what you wou'd *intimate*.---
" You think, while I its Powers impart
" I uſe a *Figure* of my *Art?*---
" 'Tis true, to prove what he alledges
" The *Art* no *Orator* obliges;
" Yea more, the *Knack* of *Fibbing* well,
" In *Rhet'ric* has no Parallel;
" And if that *Privilege* you lop
" We *Orators* might ſhut up Shop.
" But *John* I here muſt uſe a Term
" Of Art, which often does me *Harm*.

" *Diſtinguiſh.* *Orator* declaiming,
" From *him*, when to *inſtruct* you aiming:
" And in this *Recapitulation*
" I meant *Inſtruction*; not *Perſuaſion*:
" But when I ſet me to perſuade,
" I can do every Thing I ſaid,
" Ay and much more.--You aſk me how?--
" For *that*, a *Simile* will do.
" And apropos to *Pearls* and *Swine*,
" I hear a curſed *Porker* whine.
" Look out. " *It is the Gardner's Dog*
" *Lugging the Ears of th' brindled Hog.*"
" Right; Now come in, and ſhut the
" Caſement,
" Draw near, and learn to your Amaze-
" ment,
" That

" That my *all powerful* Eloquence,
" Can bring a *Simile* from thence!—
" That *Dog*, tho' but a Gardner's Cur,
" Suppoſe for once an *Orator*:—
" That *Hog*, at Ear of which *Dog* hangs,
" An Audience liſt'ning to Harangues.---
" But here our *Simile* muſt halt,
" Of Simile's the conſtant Fault:
" To make it gallop on all *Four*,
" The *Hog* ſhould *hang* upon the *Cur*,
" As all our Poets in their Songs
" Make *Senates hang* on *Speakers* Tongues.
" Let others look to *that*; while we
" Take as we find it, *Simile*.
" Firſt, Dog runs hard, at Hog to come,
" Which Speakers call *Exordium*.—

" Per-

" Perceiving this, if Hog is wiſe,
" He from the Dunghill ſtarts and flies
" Bawls out before the Dog comes near him,
" Which repreſents the *Hear him! Hear*
" *him!*---
" While Hog in flight precipitate,
" Prefigures *Miniſter of State,*
" Whoſe conſtant Courſe it is to fly
" For Shelter to *Majority!*—
" Now nimbler Dog on Hog gains Ground,
" Hog doubles to eſcape from Hound;
" From which moſt palpably appear
" The ſhuffling Tricks of Miniſter!—
" Dog overcomes, and miſſes Prey,
" Tumbles and howls, from which you may

" Have

" Have an Idea with Preciſion,
" Of a *Minority* Diviſion !—
" Wing'd with freſh Spirits Hog flies faſter,
" Triumphing in poor Dog's Diſaſter.
" He triumphs, and he flies in vain,
" For Dog is at his Heels again !---
" And now within his Haunch he ſtretches,
" And now at waggling Ear he ſnatches;
" Which ſeiz'd, at length down tumbles
" *Pig*,
" Thus ends political Intrigue.
" And thus from *Hog* and *Dog* appears
" The Power of *Orators* on *Ears* :
" And hence perhaps the Proverb might
" grow,
" Of having by the Ear the *right Sow*.

" But,

" But, *John*, I hope you have ta'en Notice
" Of what in Simile a Blot is;
" That tho' the Audience was intended,
" Yet with the Miniſter it ended?---
" But *how* that *is*, and *why* 'tis ſo,
" I in *few* Words proceed to ſhow.
" Attend, dear *John*, there is a Quality
" Denominated *Criticality*.---
" A Kind of captious, ſnarling Vice,
" Which proves Men not ſo wiſe as nice.
" You have obſerv'd within a Roof,
" An eager Spider ply his Woof;
" And lurk perdue within the Loom,
" Nor think of all-deſtroying Broom;
" Whet for the caitiff Fly his Pounces?---
" But if 'gainſt Web a *Hornet* bounces,

" Head-

" Headlong to Earth the Spider falls,
" While Hornet marks not as he crawls !--
" Careleſs he wheels in airy Rings,
" And ſhakes the Cobweb from his Wings.
" Your literary *Whipper-in*,
" To this ſame Spider is a-kin.
" For puny Inſects he in wait lies,
" But dares not meddle with the *great Flies*.
" And *I* the *Monarch* of the Hive,
" Standing on my Prerogative,
" From Taſte, Correctneſs, and Propriety;
" For Novelty and *great* Variety.
" Thus have I given ſufficient Reaſon
" To anſwer for a worſe Miſpriſion;
" And yet perhaps upon the Matter
" I have another and a better ;

" Which take in ſhort. The Nation knows
" My Maxim ever *was*, *Oppoſe!*---
And be the Miniſter who will,
My Maxim *is*---*Oppoſe* him ſtill;
For tho' to *Britain* neceſſary,
" 'Tis good for me that *all* miſcarry.
" Excepting *one*, I need not name him--
" Envy herſelf wou'd bluſh to blame him;
" I do my *beſt* for all the Flock
" To bring them fairly to the *Block*.
" Heav'n knows I'm not like *Lilburn**, he
" Even with *himſelf* cou'd not agree:
" But *I*, howe'er I *hate* the reſt,
" Am in *myſelf* completely bleſt.

* This is *John Lilburne* of whom it was ſaid, That had he been alone in the World, *Lilburne* would have gone to Cuffs with *John*, and *John* with *Lilburne*—by *one* Degree a greater Patriot than our Hero.

" Now

" Now this ſame *Hate* with which I burn

" Lugs me *them* in at every Turn;

" And be the Subject *that* or *this*,

" The M----r ne'er comes amiſs.

" *Cato* his Speeches ſtill wou'd end

" With a---*Carthago eſt delend'* ! *

" But I both *finiſh* and *begin*

" With railing at the Party *in*.

" But this is wide of my Intention;

" And this I only *ſlightly* mention,

" That you may judge when Merit lies in

" An Orator epiſodizing.

" Now, ſeeing Eloquence produces

" Such weighty and important *Uſes*,

* This *Apocope* comes luckily enough to our Hero's Relief, otherwiſe it is hard to ſay what Termination he might have beſtowed on the Word.

" 'Tis proper you ſhou'd be advis'd,
" In what the *Science* is compris'd.
" Why juſt in this, in giving up
" Plain Senſe and Meaning for a Trope.--
" Then there's another, call'd a *Figure*.---
" Whether of leſs or greater Vigour,
" Muſt even *on the Table* lie,
" Till I conſult with *Farnaby*.
" Next follow *Metaphor* and *Simile*,
" And after *theſe* a num'rous Family,
" Made up of *others of the ſame*,
" Which I can better uſe than name;
" As only baſe mechanic Souls
" Can tell the Names of all their Tools.
" Your Metaphor, as Ancients held it,
" Is but a *Simile* dock'd and gelded;

" And

" And ſo your Similes of courſe
" Are ungelt, long-tail'd *Metaphors !*---
" I nam'd another---what was he ?
" At firſt ?--Pſhaw ! --O--Metonymy !---
" He is---but, better an Example.
" You know I call my Brother *T---le*,
" Pray keep the Phraſe in your Remem-
" brance,
" On *S---w* a Mortgage or Incumbrance.
" Now, *John*, by this I underſtand,
" A Man whoſe Merit lies in---Land,
" In Gardens and a coſtly Seat,
" Himſelf a *Wart* on his Eſtate.
" And truly, *John*, the Time affords
" Enow, both Commoners and Lords,

" With

" With whom the Figure well may ſuit,
" O! that it wou'd apply to *B--e!*
" When we a noble Villa ſee,
" It raiſes Curioſity
" To know the Owner's Name.--Alas!
" The lordly Owner is an---Aſs!---
" Now for my Brother. *John* ſuppoſe---
" *John* clapt his Finger on his Noſe.
" I underſtand your Honour now.
" I'll bring the Mortgage upon *St--w!*--

But here we mean to bait and lye
While *John* performs his Embaſſy.
A long Career wou'd break our Wind.
Now Reader halt, and look behind.

We

We uſe an Author's Privilege,
To lead you over Ditch and Hedge,
O'er Hill and Dale, with Fancy ſtrolling;
And ſometimes dull and ſometimes drolling.
But if our Sport diſpleaſe you, then
Give over e'er we ſtart again.

END *of* CANTO II.

Speedily will be Publiſhed,

CANTO the THIRD and LAST.

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